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FEB. 12
1809

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1909



To the memory of
the Martyred
President

Abraham
Lincoln

a tribute of ad-
miration and
affection, in
verse by

EX-JUDGE
J. L. ELDRIDGE
OF TOPEKA,

in celebrating the
one hundredth an-
niversary of the
birth of this emi-
nent servant of
God, by the Grand
Army Post that
bears his honored
name, with the Gov-
ernor of the State
and many friends,
at the First M. E.
Church, Topeka,
Kansas, Feb. 12, '09.

How dear to our hearts
Is Lincoln of old,
Whose service to man
Can never be told.

Whose love for America
Was wonderfully great,
Whose zeal for the right
He would never abate.

A mind of rare gifts
In a classical mold
Of charming sweetness,
By duty controlled.

He led a vast army
Mid horrors of war,
Defeats the slave power
That good men abhor.

The slave trade how wicked;
It stood out alone
As the vilest system
That ever was known.

A satanic device
To mortals a shock,
None so appalling as
The dread auction block.

How rude the cabin
Where comforts are fled,
All are impoverished
And all are ill fed.

Lincoln solved problems,
Kind words to the brave;
No room for tyrants
Nor tread of a slave.

The dawn of sweet peace
It opens the door
To all wrongs remove
And all rights restore.

Virtue and valor
Here justly combine,
Lincoln was a lesson
For all coming time.

He gave a protest
To the crime making trade
Where drunkards are formed
And paupers are made.

The traffic is doomed
Its death drawing near,
This man killing trade
Must fast disappear.

O, America, America
The land of our birth,
Richer by far than
All nations of earth.

It spans the continent,
Its from shore to shore,
From the Pacific coast
To the Atlantic's roar.

Has billions of wealth
In every known form,
Gives relief to the poor
And drives away storm.

Wealth utilized with
Vast inventive skill
Has wonders performed,
And doing them still.

Great cities are built,
Buildings towering high
To kiss the clouds
And pierce the sky.

The centuries progress,
O it seems like a dream
How men have applied
The uses of steam.

Generated electricity,
A marvelous power;
Does the work of a month
In less than an hour.

The Christian religion,
It kindly employs
Ways to more prize its
Unnumbered joys.

Gives schools for the head,
A church for the heart,
That ignorance and sin
May quickly depart.

Lincoln not in wealth
But brought forth a power
That saved the nation
Mid war's dreaded hour.

With thoughtful patience,
He matures a plan,
That defeats the foe
And benefits man.

Wearied with toil
And multiplied cares,
Troubled with generals
And foreign affairs.

The wonderful record,
We fail to rehearse
In good honest prose
Or rich flowing verse.

His death among saddest
In annals of time,
Few can compare
To the terrible crime.

His worth grows brighter
As time floats along,
All join in a tribute,
Unite in a song.

None in the century
More worthy of fame,
Than the martyred president,
Lincoln, his name.

Feb. 12,
1809.

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1909.

Memorial Services
on the One Hun-
dredth Anniver-
sary of the Mar-
tyred President,
Abraham Lincoln.



"I never willingly planted a
thorn in any man's bosom."—
A. LINCOLN.

A truth loving man
Excelling in worth
The heroes of old
And monarchs of earth.

With no malice nor hate,
A Christian like plan,
Esteemed it a pleasure
To benefit man.

*J. L. E.—Author of a Vol-
ume in Verse on Christian
Patriotic Prohibition and Mis-
cellaneous subjects.*